

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "With Me"

*[Intro/Chorus: sung]*

Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby  
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*[x2]*

*[Dove]*

How you gon' tell me to mind my own biz  
when you lookin like somethin I need to know about?  
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin your arm when you'd pass  
But I see you got class besides all that  
Yeah I'm picky in my own way too  
While the rest of these fools is lookin to screw your brains out  
I bling'd[?] out don't[?] wanna stand froze  
Practicin my hello's, hey lady, how you doin  
Renewin these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here  
Shit I don't even know your name yet (word)  
Ain't sure what your character contains yet  
But damn lady, you could be my Valentine  
Cupid got his infrared on my chest clocked  
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway  
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way - yeah, buy me a drink  
so we can sink into that thought path..

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]*

Now you know you ain't right, eyein me up all night  
despite the fact some kid is runnin chitta-chat in your ear  
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there  
when we can make, such an obvious pair?  
Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?  
I'm peepin how you move it to the pace of the beat  
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours  
Your heavenly body rushin the tide to shore  
Your heavenly body rushin these guys to the floor  
to find pleasure in your double digit design,  
but these clowns look hurt  
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman ex-pert  
Understandin how the ovaries and all that shit work  
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised  
that I'm movin closer - don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.  
Are you for real or a tease?

*[Dove]*

Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal  
Ain't nuttin dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision

(Caught you watch-in) my every move from the door  
Teran escortin us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.  
Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess  
Suckin the straw huh? You know the head game  
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin too  
I want my trophy life-sized in a see through

*[Pos]*

This ain't your average, whippin your batterage  
drivin song that probably isn't your type  
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge  
or smudge off your memory; courtesy of SkyTel  
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1  
Also need the math to your color pH-1  
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed  
but sound the buzzer, I'm comin to sub

*[Chorus x1.25]*